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When the auction-sale was held, Mr. August Belmont having bid more than four hundred dollars for it, became its owner. The reader will scarcely believe—yet it is a fact—that, notwithstanding the sum paid for this work, the artist kept on charging only forty dollars for canvases of that size. In one of his latest letters he writes playfully: "Speaking of honours, by-the-way, I had a telegram from Manchester [England] this very afternoon, to say that 'The Widow's Acre' has taken the Hayward gold medal, at the Institute, for the best picture in the exhibition!! That makes me complete. I always hankered after and was just suffering for a gold medal. I have a big bronze one [from the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition], but that is too heavy to wear with comfort. . . . As Princess — has kindly signified her desire to see my studio and belongings, I shall wear the two medals as sleeve-links of some neat pattern on that occasion." A gentleman, who has corresponded familiarly with Boughton for many years, says that his letters are the most delightful things of the sort he ever read. "Boughton doesn't write a page," he exclaims, warmly, "without saying something worth preserving. I don't know of any artist's biography that could be made more entertaining than Boughton's letters would make it."

But why is Boughton living in London? A brother artist and admirer is reported to have said: "According to the ideas of the last ten years in this country, there cannot be anything more degrading than to be an American artist. Why, if Whittredge had gone to England and lived there, he would have made a fortune. This is what Boughton did. Some of his beautiful little winter scenes, painted while he was in New York, brought here only fifty dollars. They are selling in England for five hundred. He never would have got thirty per cent. of his present prices if he had stayed here. Winslow Homer, one of our truest and most accomplished artists, has never been appreciated in this country; but he carries things in his pictures a thousand times further than Corot ever did." These vigorous and true words contain a reason sufficiently powerful for Boughton's departure and sojourn in Albion. But the facts of the case are these:

Boughton went to Europe in order to study the human figure, which he had a growing ambition to paint well, and the advantages for the study of which were at that time exceedingly few in this country. After a short stay in Paris he settled at Ecouen, remaining there three years, in the colony of which Edouard Frère was the acknowledged head, and Samuel Colman, J. C. Thom, and Frost Johnson, other American members. There were grand doings in those days, and Boughton's name and fine frivolities of deportment still float among the traditions of the sunny little place. On his return to America, Boughton went by way of England, and it so happened that, just as he reached London, a great fair was organising for the relief of the cotton operatives of Lancashire, whom the war for the Union had thrown out of employment and into destitution. He contributed a small picture of a French peasant-girl watering flowers in a window—an Ecouen study. The critics praised it; the *Illustrated News* engraved it; somebody bought it for a good round sum. It was not natural to turn one's back to such a welcome; the young American proceeded to send two pictures to the exhibition of the British Institution, then open. They were almost immediately sold, in spite of unpropitious hanging. The next step was to try his luck in the great annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, soon to follow. His star shone bright. Mr. Frith, a member of the hanging committee, hung the Boughton appreciatively, bought it himself, and then called upon the author and advised and invited him to stay in London. A more pressing invitation came subsequently from a young English lady, who now bears his name. No picture by Boughton was ever refused at the Royal Academy, although he has exhibited there every year since his first success; but fully one-half of his works are owned on this side of the Atlantic, and he is in constant communication with his relatives and friends here. His house, ever since he had one, has been a scene of boundless and most graceful hospitality to Americans in London. Perhaps the noblest figure-pieces ever painted by Mr. Boughton are 'Spring' and 'Autumn,' recently in Mr. Avery's gallery in this city, the latter of which we have engraved.

THE REPRODUCTION OF STATUARY.

MR. C. T. NEWTON, in his late lecture at the College for Men and Women in Queen Square, called attention to the fact that many noble examples of the finest Greek sculpture were stored away in the British Museum, in places all but inaccessible to the public.

The idea of reproducing famous works by reduction belongs to a Frenchman, M. Barbedienne. He was a dealer in paper-hangings, but had notions beyond those of his immediate calling. In sauntering through the sculpture-rooms of the Louvre, he often wondered whether it were not possible that those treasures should be made as familiar to the people of Paris as their Lares and Penates were to the dwellers in ancient Rome. The worthy Barbedienne not only carried his idea concerning the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the antique world into active practice, but extended it to works of living men. This occurred about 1835, and the result is the great bronze trade of Paris. This reducing process created quite a school of sculptors, who went eagerly back to the antique for purposes of study, and, combining the inspiration thus derived with modern ideas, passed both through the alembic of their own individuality and genius.

M. Barbedienne, in short, showed the only way, so far as sculpture is concerned, by which Art and manufacture could be truly wedded, and the tie made lastingly binding, viz. by bringing the creations of genius within reach of the people, and by allowing the artist at the same time to have a pecuniary interest in the multiplication and publishing of his works. The expounding of this same idea, whether the design pertain to painting, pottery, or textile fabrics, has been the special mission of the *Art Journal* ever since its establishment.

The instrument which is used in the present instance is

the *Pantograph*, or rather that improvement of it associated with the name of M. Frédéric Sauvage, who, the French say, invented not only the *Profilomètre*, but also the screw-propeller. The *Collas* machine is, we believe, what the Messrs. Elkington use at Birmingham in the production of their bronzes, but it requires the original statue to be in parts. The improved *Sauvage* instrument, on the other hand, copies, enlarges, or reduces the model as it stands, and with an accuracy that is absolutely mathematical. The original work is mounted on a stand, which moves in every way like that on which the mass of plaster is placed for copying, and both "rotate through equal angles in equal time, and are always in the same position." The instrument, which ends in two points—the one following the various sinuosities of the original, and the other describing a like course on the copying plaster—is so "jointed and suspended that the operator can make it work in any required place." No under-cutting is so deep, no curve so delicate, but the instrument can reach it. The veriest trace of a mould-line, the minutest speck upon the cheek, as well as the particular set and air of the head, and lay of a fold or sweep of a line, is produced with an accuracy which is simply absolute, and therefore unknown to photography.

The museum examples on which the Messrs. Marnyhaç and Hubmann (the promoters of the new company) are now engaged are the Ostian Venus, which they have enlarged to heroic size, and thereby brought out the marvellous resemblance it bears to the Venus of Milos; and the 'Dancing Satyr,' a statue which rivals the far-famed 'Dancing Satyr' in the Pitti Palace. This will be reduced in size, as also the beautiful 'Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides.'